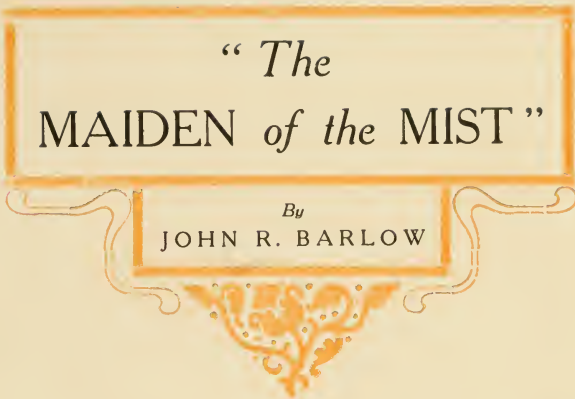


“ The
MAIDEN *of the* MIST *”*

By
JOHN R. BARLOW

A decorative orange border frames the entire page. Below the author's name, there is a large, ornate, downward-pointing decorative element in orange, featuring intricate scrollwork and floral patterns.



The Red Man's Fact

THE MAIDEN OF THE MIST

An Indian Legend of Niagara

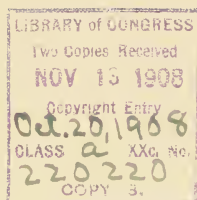
ORIGIN OF THE GREAT PAINT-
INGS, THE RED MAN'S FACT AND
THE WHITE MAN'S FANCY



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Respectfully inscribed to

HON. PETER A. PORTER

a life long student of Indian Legendary Lore and

traditional history

By his friend, The Author.



THE MAID OF THE MIST

THERE'S an ancient Indian Legend
By their weird old women told,
Of a deed of love and daring,
By a maiden brave and bold,
Where Niagara's waters sparkled,
And Niagara's thunders rolled,
In their days of vanished glory
In their pristine days of old.

In the valley of the Mohawk,
In that vale so grandly wild,
Dwelt Wenona, Forest maiden,
And the Chieftain's only child;
Such a wealth of forest suitors.
Other maiden never won
And her fame had spread for beauty,
Far toward the setting sun.

E'en to distant Onyakara.
Where Tacomo's Wigwam lone
Stood above the rushing waters
As if listening to their moan;
And her fame had reached Tacomo,
He, a Chief of Iroquois,
And he swore to win the maiden,
Swore it by each eagle claw.

Then he chose him twenty warriors,
They were brave, and tried, and true;
In the chase, or on the war-path,
Strong of limb and bronze of hue;
Then he turned his steps to Eastward,
Where the bright sun rising slow,
Shone down upon the Mohawk
Making mount and valley glow.

There Wenona, in the woodland,
Culled the wild-flowers free from fear.
Never dreaming that a foeman
Could be lurking there so near;
'Till he laid his hand upon her,
Nor uttered she a scream;
Tho' her heart so wildly fluttered,
She of violence did not dream.

Then all heedless of pursuing,
And as swiftly as the wind,
He fled o'er hill and valley,
Leaving scarcely trail behind;
Nor scarce thought he of resting
'Till the journey long was done,
And displayed to rival chieftains
The prize which he had won.

But the deed was not unheeded,
For one had marked it well,
Brave Jahronto of the Mohawks
Returning through the dell,
Had viewed the coward action,
Yea, and noted well the trail,
And weaponed with his arrows
He followed through the vale.

Nought but bow and arrows had he,
Yet he "Deemed that quite enow,"
For when proved love a coward
With his arrow and his bow?
And Jahronto never heeding
The wearying miles that lay
'Tween the valley of the Mohawk
And Wenona far away.

Onward! Onward! ever Onward!
Keeping still the trail in view,
Through glade, through gloomy woodland,
By waters deep and blue;
Nor halted he to rest his limbs,
Nor rested he to sleep,
For love, and hate, now kept his strength,
As nothing else could keep.

But love, nor hate, nor both combined,
Can keep for aye the strength,
Long, long, he strove to keep the way,
But halted he at length,
And down he sank. o'er come at last,
His object almost won,
Tacoma's wigwam stood in view
Beneath the setting sun.

And there some warriors found him
At the breaking of the morn,
And straightway to the council lodge
The captive brave was borne;
Where chiefs and braves in council sat
To pass their great decrees,
Upon stoic faced offenders,
Lords of indolence and ease.

Then up rose Mattawanka grand,
And everyone stood still;
To listen what his words might be,
Or what might be his will;
His eye upon the captive bent
He asked from whence he came?
And wherefore was he in their midst?
And what might be his name?

Then forth spoke brave Jahronto:
Great Brother! here I stand,
A captive by your warriors held.
A stranger in your land,
And in the name of Manitou
The right I claim to tell.
Why I am here a captive held,
And how this fate befel.

II.

Away mid the flowers,
And sweet scented bowers,
That are found in that beautiful vale.
Where the Mohawk so grand
Ripples light o'er the sand,
Scarcely stirred by the breath of the gale.

There a mother scarce sleeps.
There a father watch keeps
For the child who may come nevermore,
And his head is bowed down
Nor bright smile, nor frown
May lighten or darken his door.

Once his lone wigwam rang
To the heart firing clang
Of hatchet and spear on the wall,
But no more are they heard,
Nor a warriors word,
Responds to the old chieftains call.

Five children once stood
'Neath the shade of the wood,
And sported in sight of their sire,
But they dropped one by one,
'Till the last one is gone,
And he sits by his lone cheerless fire.

One a warrior brave,
Found a watery grave
'Neath the surge of the Northern Lake;
The second was seen
By the silver moon's sheen,
Die bound to a Seneca's stake.

The third was laid low
By the hand of a foe,
A traitor to those of the vale;
The fourth found the grave
Of a warrior brave
While hunting the foe on the trail.

Four children were gone,
The Great Spirit left one
To brighten the home of Toquim,
And he cherished that one,
For the light of the sun
Could never be dearer to him.

As the vine round the oak
Shields the tree from the stroke
And the blast of the tempest severe,
So Wenona's sweet love
Held the Chieftain above
The grieving for lost ones so dear.

But a foe cut away
The last lingering stay
That shielded the tree from the blast;
As the stout oak is riven,
When the lightning is driven,
So the Chieftain is broken at last.

Now lonely he weeps,
And weary watch keeps,
For Wenona the light of his home,
And his warriors move
Thro' the shade of the grove
And silently sigh for each moan.

The day is now closing,
In shadows reposing
The sun sinks low down in the West;
Jahronto has spoken,
His strength is now broken,
Do with him as seems to thee best.

III.

Then Mattawanka rose and bent his eye
Upon the throng, as if to spy
The dastard perpetrator of the dastard deed;
With flashing eye he seemed to read
The very inmost thoughts of every one
Assembled in that conclave, and known
As warriors of that favored race
Who dwelt on Onyakara's misty brink,
To them a glorious and a favored dwelling place,
The bowl from which but Manitou might drink.

In voice of deepest scorn, and anger great,
He cries: Who dare stand forth and seek his fate?
Who dare to say that he this deed has done?
And welcome death who has but life begun.
Who dares to say that o'er the open grave
He robbed a father of the child who gave
The little sunlight that was left
Unto his lingering years and bended age?
Of wife and children, aye, and joy bereft,
No balm his heart to heal, or grief assuage?

None answer made, but all eyes turned
Upon Tacoma, on whose cheek there burned
The fire of conscious guilt, which told to all
On him the sentence of the Chief must fall.
Yet stirred he not, but bold, defiant stood,
The centre of all eyes, the butt of angry mood;
Nor seemed to note the anger in each look
Flashed on him by rival braves, who knew
Nought e'er had stirred, or moved, or shook
The dauntless heart which had so oft proved true,

Nor moved he now when Mattawanka spoke.
The wrath of Manitou upon him to invoke;
Nor changed a feature as the sentence fell,
Which e'en forbid him evermore to dwell
Within the limit of his tribe's domain.
On Onyakara's brink to linger not again,
But outcast from his tribe to wand'ring go,
"Unloved, unhonored and unsung" by all.
Whom all should hate, to all a foe;
The common prey, the sport of one and all.

Then from the wrists of brave Jahronto
Quickly the thongs that bind, the braves undo;
He hears the old Chief speak the sweet decree
Which falls like music on the ear now free;
He wanders with his former captors, who seek
By kindness to restore the weary form, the sunken
cheek.

Three days he lingers then of braves a score
He has as escort to his Eastern home,
Where fair Wenona in her fathers arms once more,
Now cheers the wigwam of Toquim.

IV.

Now Tacoma outcast from his home,
A prey to each Iroquois brave,
Condemned thro' the forest to roam,
Or to find in the greenwood a grave.

Scorned now by those who'd revered him,
And hunted by those he had led,
Who for bravery often had cheered him,
Now his blood they would hasten to shed.

All enemies turned now, save one,
Nomeena, whose heart beat still true;
E'en thro' injuries heartlessly done.
To her only dearer he grew.

Ah! the strength of a woman's fond love,
Unchanging in tempest or calm;
None ever as constant will prove,
None ever as constant remain.

What matter though fortune desert;
And friends all to enemies turn;
The love of a true woman's heart
Still purer and brighter will burn.

And thus with the Indian Maiden,
Nomeena, the Iroquois pride,
Tho' all others his presence evading
She fain would remain by his side.

And knowing full well that Tacoma
Would repair at the close of the day,
To offer his gifts unto Manitou,
Ere he went on his exile away.

For Each warrior traveling afar,
To the brink of the abyss would go,
And cast in the elements war
His pipe, his allegiance to show.

For each deemed through the action a charm
Would follow them ever, and guard;
Protect them from every harm,
And from them misfortune would ward.

So Nomeena in secret repaired,
As twilight came down o'er the scene.
Nor caring the danger she dared,
Could she soften Tacoma's cold mien.

V.

Sunset mid Niagara's mist and spray,
Bright golden clouds ethereal move,
Light sailing on their upward way,
To mingle with those far above;
Beams resplendent shine from out the west,
That tint with gold the fleecy train,
Reflecting on the earth again
Mirrors the home of peace and rest.

And o'er the waters, turbulent, that surge
Unchecked by nature or by art,
The setting sun just o'er the verge
Shines softly as the waters part;
And over all the rainbows lovely form,
With blending colors clear and bright,
And hues of ever changing light,
Tell of a dawning free from storm.

And now the day expiring, as the sun
On chariot wheels of fire, fast sinking low,
Tells forth another epoch run,
To some of joy, to some of woe;
And o'er the scene, pale Luna's Light,
So sweetly soft, so pure, serene,
Proclaims to all that she is queen,
Queen of the fast approaching night.

The evening star, fair Venus, in her train
Shines yet alone of all the starry host,
Bright are their beams, the lustrous twain
Usurp the power the sun has lost;
Now o'er the west doth sombre darkness fall,
As twinkling stars one by one appear,
Which as the eve advances shine more clear
In contrast with the gloomy eastern fall.

No stir, nor sound of bird or beast,
But silence reigns supreme o'er all around,
And nature seems to pause and rest,
All save Niagara's solemn, droning sound,
That never ceasing, wearying, monotone,
Make listening seem more drear,
With naught to change, nor break, nor veer,
The ceaseless, endless, dismal dreary moan,

There is no sound, and yet a form is seen,
A form of life, and it scarce can be,
So motionless one scarce would deem
This were Nomeena here to see
The outcast from her tribe Tacoma, now
Doomed to wander from home away,
E'en ere the breaking of another day,
He must be gone where none shall know.

How beautiful ! as in the softning light
Of moon and stars she moveless stands;
She seems a spirit of the silent silver night;
With proud defiant mien and enclasped hands;
See how she listens now, as bending low
She hears a step, for silence is her slave;
'Tis Tacoma, the outcast exiled brave,
Her chosen lover and her peoples' foe.

VI.

Now out from the shade of the wood
Tacoma advances to kneel,
At Manitou's wonderful shrine,
To murmur the woe's he doth feel;
And bitter the thought which now fills
The heart which hatred doth know,
As he kneels at that primeval shrine,
Heart wrung by many a throe.

And bitter the vow which he makes
To the spirit that floats on the air,
And dark is the oath he now takes,
As he kneels on that rocky shrine there;
And dark are the thoughts which now rack
The heart that with vengeance is filled,
O'er wrongs heaped on a brave,
'Twere better if he had been killed.

But a change comes over him now,
A something there seems to pervade,
Like the perfume of flowers that bloom
In the depths of the wild-wood shade;
As the sound of the murmuring rill,
Rippling soft o'er its pebbly bed,
Comes a whispering sound of his name,
Tacoma, so sweetly o'er head.

He starts as he hears the soft voice,
He counted himself all alone,
Nor thought a sound would disturb,
Save Niagara's unheeded moan;
But now on the moss grown bank.
In the shade of the soft sighing trees,
Nomeena, the pride, of his tribe
Alone, in her beauty he sees.

Sweet comes her words to the exiled brave,
Soft falls her voice on his ear,
Gone now is the hatred he felt,
Low murmurs the waterfall near;
Nature has smiled, anger is gone,
Vengeance is lost to him now,
Kind are her words, and over his heart
There steals now a softening glow.

But the moon has sunk from their view,
Gray dawn shows the coming of day,
Tacoma must hasten and go,
'Tis death if he longer delay;
He clasps to his breast the sweet maiden,
His anguish he needs not to tell.
'Tis written in every feature,
Nomeena! Nomeena! farewell!

Oh! never, Tacoma she cries,
Oh why should we part ere again?
For how can Nomeena forget thee?
Oh send me not from thee in pain;
Wherever thou goest, there I go,
Where thou dwellest shall be my home,
Content where thou resteth to rest;
Content where thou roamest to roam.

Then haste! cries Tacoma, away!
The morning is breaking full clear;
'Tis death even now unto me,
If thus I'm found lingering here,
Then out on their journey they go.
Not caring the hardships they meet,
Pursuers full quickly they know
Will follow with untiring feet.

On thro' ever changing scenes,
O'er verdant plains and glades,
Where nature's smiling, sunny beams
In gloomy forests, cast their shade;
Now thro some deep primeval wood,
Dark as the depths of silent night,
Now o'er some free and broader way,
Where flashes bright the morning light.

VII.

The evening shades are falling,
The Whippowill is calling
His sad and mournful lay;
Two weary wand'ers, foot-sore,
Along the deep blue lake shore.
Press on their weary way.

All day they've wandered on
Their weary lonesome way upon
 The margin of the lake;
And dreading still pursuit,
They linger not to view it,
 Nor e'en a rest to take.

But now the day is done,
The bright and glorious sun
 Hath sunken from their view;
Nomeena presses on,
Her strength is almost gone,
 Yet seems to come anew

Still weak and weaker grow
Her steps now lagging slow,
 Yet ne'er complaint she makes.
And well Tacoma knows,
Though word nor action shows,
 The woes her heart now shakes.

And so they pause to rest,
As darkness o'er the west,
 Comes down in sombre hue;
And in a wood near by
They halt, nor longer fly
 From those who may pursue.

VIII.

In the wild wood Nomeena sleeps
 Dreaming not of danger,
Tacoma his lone watch keeps,
 Sleep to him a stranger;
Faithful he watches o'er his love,
 His weary eye ne'er closes,
Bright twinkle the stars above,
 The spot where she reposes.

But hark! what now that stealthy sound,
 Breaking upon the air?
A foe their resting place hath found,
 And seeks to trap them there
Softly Tacoma glides to where
 Nomeena sleeping lies,
A gentle touch, she starts from sleep,
 He bids her to arise.

Full well he knows the foe ere long
 Will track their sylvan bow'r;
And that in numbers they are strong,
 E'en at the midnight hour:
Then stealthy as the panther's tread,
 They steal off thro' the night,
The hastening of the morn they dread,
 Their safety is in flight.

But fair Nomeera's tender feet
Are swollen now and torn,
For mid the darkness of the night
She's trod on many a thorn;
Still struggling on, with hunger faint,
Her steps now weaker grow,
At last she sinks, and lies a prey
Unto the coming foe.

And even now the light of dawn
The East horizon tints,
Ere long the breaking of the morn
Will come with brighter glints;
Tacoma to himself doth dread,
Nought from the coming foe,
Their fleetest brave could never gain
Were he alone to go.

Out through the darkness of the night,
No sound their course may mark,
They haste, they fear the morning light,
They tremble mid the dark;
But ah! alas, too soon the dawn!
Their slightest trail will show;
No subtle wile, or trail misdrawn,
Can cause to err, the foe.

IX.

On through the darkness of the night!
On by the moon's uncertain light!
Six braves from Onyakara press,
To serve a father in distress;
Mattawanka, their noble chief,
Lingers at home in direst grief,
For Nomeena, the flower of his home,
Is stolen away and now alone.

He sits and sighs in deepest woe.
Silent his grief, rocking to and fro,
Never a word of his sorrow he speaks,
But the tears trace slowly adown his cheeks.
On through the darkness of the night!
On by the moon's uncertain light!
Following the trail of Tacoma on,
Following the trail through the wood upon

The margin of the great blue lake;
On till the fleeing brave is found,
On till they hear the welcome sound
Of Nomeena's voice so silvery clear,
Sweetest of music to the ear.
Now gone is the darkness of the night,
Soft breaks the morning into light,
And bending their eyes the trail to watch,

A welcome sight their sharp eyes catch,
The footprints are fresher, more newly made,
Tacoma can be but an hour ahead.
Faster they move, and faster still,
O'er sloping glade; o'er plain and hill,
The morning is o'er, the sun is high,
The Mount of Peace, anon, they spy;
Once there their eyes may easy rest.

A score of miles from East to West,
At last they gain the mountains side.
And gazing out, afar is spied
Two forms away toward the Eastern pale,
Now down they sweep from mount to vale,
Following now the unbroken trail;
Full well Tacoma knows 'tis vain
To seek to cover the trail so plain;

The Iroquois brave has an eagle eye,
And aught of a trail he'll quickly spy,
And Tacoma's heart at once stands still,
For he spies the braves coming down the hill;
'Tis useless to fly; it were vain to fly,
He must stand and fight, must conquer or die.

X.

And now defiant Tacoma stands,
In death alone will he yield;
On come the braves with murd'rous speed,
Each deadly weapon's wield;
The bow and arrow and the knife,
The Tomahawk as well,
Each striving for the outcasts' life,
Nor caring how he fell.

But little reck they of the foe
With whom they have to deal,
He brooks it not thus calm to die,
Uncaring woe or weal;
He girds his loins with steady hand,
Then wards each deadly blow,
And one by one the murd'rous band
Are sinking sure but slow.

With well directed blow he strikes
The foremost brave, who dies
Without a single groan but stilled
In death unheeded lies;
The second shares the self same fate,
Cut down e'en as a reed,
Another, and the third now falls,
Tacoma fights indeed.

But how may one 'gainst six contend?
 'Tis useless all, 'tis vain;
Though three are dead; what reck the fact?
 Three warriors yet remain,
Tacoma fights full brave and well,
 But overcome at last
He lies a captive at their feet,
 They bind him firm and fast.

Then back and o'er the self same way
 They came, they now return;
Back to their camp where fierce and bright
 The torture fire doth burn;
With vengeful glee those warriors three
 Press on their homeward way,
In haste to cheer a father's heart,
 Yet more in haste to slay.

Their grim, unsmiling glances fall
 Their captive's form upon,
The demon fire which lights their eyes
 Speaks of a victory won;
'Tis not alone that they have caught
 And bound the exile brave,
But that they may the vengeance wreak
 Their savage natures crave.

The sun has risen twice and set
 When they have reached their home,
The evening shades are coming down
 Ere their return is known;
Then hand and foot they firmly bind
 The captive brave to wait
The judgment of the coming day,
 The just decree of fate.

XI.

Morn comes, but to Tacoma
It brings nor joy nor pain;
His doom to die he well doth know,
Repinings are but vain.

And steel'd his heart is to the scene,
No outward sign shall show
To those assembled on the green
The pain his heart may know.

And now around the torture square
The young and old are seen,
Each by their rank and age are there
Arranged in that convene.

Bring forth the captive, is the cry!
Bring forth that we may see
The dastard dog who fears to die,
But feareth not to flee.

Bring forth the dog who steals our pride,
And sneaks off thro' the night:
Who steals another's promised bride,
And fears the dawning light.

Haste, bring him to the council lodge,
That we may know his fate;
Let Matawanka be the judge,
Nor bid us longer wait.

And forth Tacoma now is led,
Mid curse. and scoff, and jeer;
His step is firm. erect his head,
He shows no sign of fear.

Now eager press the eager throng,
The scene hath charms for them,
They feel that they will have ere long
A victim to condemn.

And woe betide who'er may fall
Within their murd'rous pow'r.
No mercy lingers neath that pall
Of midnight eyes that low'r.

And now before the council band
Tacoma is arraigned;
Braves, summoned by the chiefs command,
As judges there retained.

Dark glances shot from every side
Meet now Tacoma's gaze,
With words of scorn they now deride
Their chief of other days.

With scornful laugh and heartless taunt
They strive to gain reply,
O'er deeds of brav'ry now they vaunt,
Yet hear nor word nor sigh,

As marble carved, as cold and still,
As mortal touched by death,
Tacoma stands, his mighty will
Restrains his lab'ring breath.

Beneath their eyes he does not start.
But mark th' defiant flush.
Death cannot daunt the dauntless heart
They seek in glee to crush.

XII.

Now before that lowering tribunal
Tacoma stands accused by all,
No mercy there, but mercy dead,
All kindred thoughts have fled,
The captive need from them no mercy claim,
Nor justice, for with them 'tis but a name;
E'en as with us, 'tis still the same,
Justice and mercy go hand in hand.

But where may be that favored land
Where they abide, heaven only knows,
And heaven a mantle o'er the record throws,
At least to us the land's unknown.
Where they may wield a scepter on one throne.
Now Conoseela's voice is heard,
Tacoma hears each vengeful, burning word:
Brothers, twelve moons are gone, another now.

Is on the wane, remember ye the vow
We pledged unto the Spirit of the Spray?
Each year when came the mighty day,
One from among us should his wrath allay;
Tacoma now has done a deed
Which merits death, now take heed,
A sacrifice to day we e'en must make,
Then why I pray shall we not take.

Tacoma, accused, condemned to die.
Who bound before us now doth lie,
And offer him as a gift to stay
The wrath of the Spirit of the Spray?
'Tis well! they cry even thus we shall do!
Make ready the white birch bark canoe,
Tacoma shall die, 'tis a just decree,
Go publish the word, that all may see.

How the Iroquois judge those who slay,
Mid the darkness of night then steal away
Fearing the light of the coming day.
Tacoma shall die, the word proclaim,
In our honored and aged chieftains name,
Tacoma shall die, be it ever so,
The coward brave this death shall know,
And all may learn from Tacoma's fate,
The Iroquois law is good and great.

XIII.

Now brightly shines the noonday sun,
And bright his beams on all
On all assembled on Niagara's brink,
That mighty waterfall.
Out from the shore there presses now
Birch bark canoes a score,
In one Tacoma lies firm bound,
His hope of life is o'er.

Bound hand and foot he helpless lies,
No power his life can save,
Ere long he'll find beneath the surge
A cold and watery grave;
And now they cast the captive off,
On sweeps he with the tide,
Yet seeks he not to hide his fear,
He has no fears to hide.

Still on he moves, the waters leap
As if in concious glee,
As if they know they'd soon enfold
The victim all now see;
High leap the waves, and higher yet,
Their mercy seems to be
As that of those who gleeful watch
The bark go down so free.

But why that shrill and piercing shriek?
Why look they now away?
Why look they now far up the stream,
Forgetting him they slay?
Ah! now 'tis seen, far shooting down
With deadly stayless speed,
Nomeena comes, e'en daring death,
Her safety fast remeedy.

Out start a score of braves with hope
The maiden's life to save,
'Tis useless all, she heeds them not,
But speeds on to her grave;
Down through the rapids leaping high,
She battles with the swell,
And through the awful, eddying surge
She guides her frail bark well.

And now Tacoma's side is reached,
Dread silence reigns on shore,
For well they know Nomeena's form
They'll see on earth no more;
Now grasps she firm the slender oar
With which she guides her way,
She leaps into Tacoma's bark
Its onward course to stay.

Nct that she thinks to save his life,
That thought indeed were vain,
But that she might prolong the bliss
She feels as once again
She's clasped within Tacoma's arms,
Freed by her ready knife,
And though 'tis but in death she's clasped,
She feels in death there's life.

And now they near the precipice,
Nomeena turns to view
Her wildwood home, alas! she bids
That home a last adieu;
There on the shore her father stands,
His head in grief bowed down,
Dull gazing on that fond loved form,
Nor heeding those around.

There each familiar cherished scene
Seems passing in review,
Her memory lingering on their joys.
So beauteous, fresh and true;
But now that awful brink is reached,
And gazing down below,
They see the boiling deep abyss
Where death they soon must know,

And now out o'er that foaming surge
From view they disappear,
Just as the sun's last golden rays
Light up that scene full clear;
The waters sigh in mournful wail,
To those who waiting list;
Nomeena mingles with the spray,
A Maiden of the Mist.

Long noble Matawanka mourned
For sweet Nomeena's smile;
And oft at even would repair
To watch his lost loved child;
For fancy from the wreaths of spray
Which rises up at even
Had conjured up a form to which
Nomeena's name was given.

Long years have flown, the tribe has gone.
Her people come no more,
But yet Nomeena's requiem's sung
So those who list on shore;
And standing on the verge just when
The sun the West has kissed,
Still oft, in beckoning form appears,
The Maiden of the Mist.

-THE END-

The Steel of the White Man

Alas! said an Indian,
I once had a home,
And a fair forest field
Where the wild deer could roam,
Where the Sachems could feast
On a festival day;
But the Steel of the White Man
Hath swept them away.

I once had a Father,
The guide of my youth,
And a Mother who taught me
The precepts of truth,
But their spirits have vanished
And cold is their clay,
For the Steel of the White Man
Hath swept them away.

I once had a Sister
The pride of the vale,
And a Brother whose features
Were rugged and hale,
Who oft-times would join me
In innocent play,
But the Steel of the White Man
Hath swept them away.

I once loved a Maiden
But where is she now ?
The cold damp of death
Have long since laid her low;
Her home; friends and kindred
Have fallen a prey,
For the Steel of the White Man
Hath swept them away.

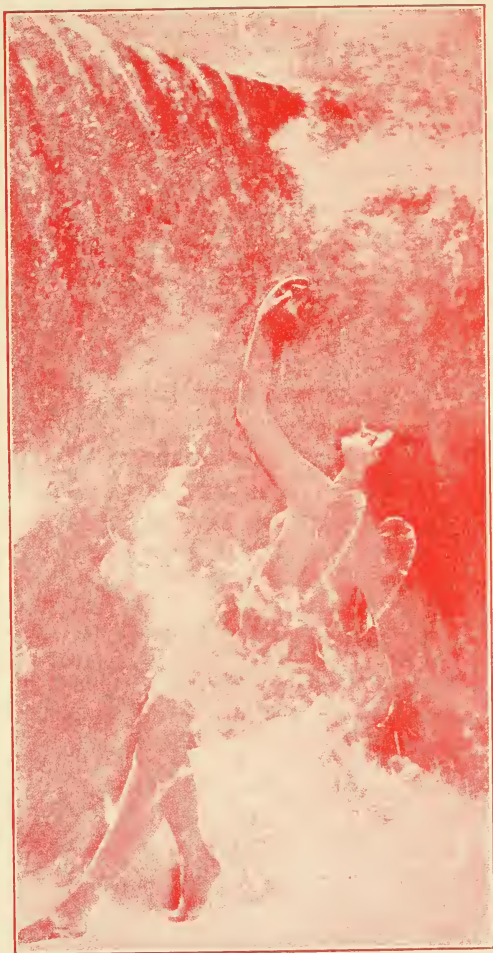
And I stand alone now
The last of my race,
On this earth I find I
Have no more a place,
Since all that I cherished
Have fallen a prey,
And the Steel of the White Man
Hath swept them away.

And soon I must follow,
The "Great Spirit" will call
Me away to yon land
Where the brave never fall;
To yon far distant shore
To yon fair forest shade
Where the Steel of the White Man
Can never invade.

¶ The authorship of the song entitled "The Steel of the White Man" is unknown to me. It was crooned to me by my Indian mentor of fifty years ago; it so impressed me that I have carried it in my memory ever since and now reproduce it for the pleasure of my readers.---J. R. B.

¶ This little Legend of the Maiden of the Mist must not be confounded with the Legend of the White Canoe, which is altogether a different story.

¶ On page eleven reference is made to Tacoma throwing his pipe into the abyss. This was a common practice of the Indians living near Niagara when about to start on a long journey, and also of other tribes who came on friendly mission and to see the mighty cataract.



The White Man's Fancy

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BETWEEN THE RED MAN'S FACT
AND
WHITE MAN'S FANCY
IS WOVEN THE ROMANTIC INDIAN LEGEND
THE MAIDEN OF THE MIST



THE NIAGARA COURIER PRESS